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1850

# Old Rosin the Beau

Mr. Martynn

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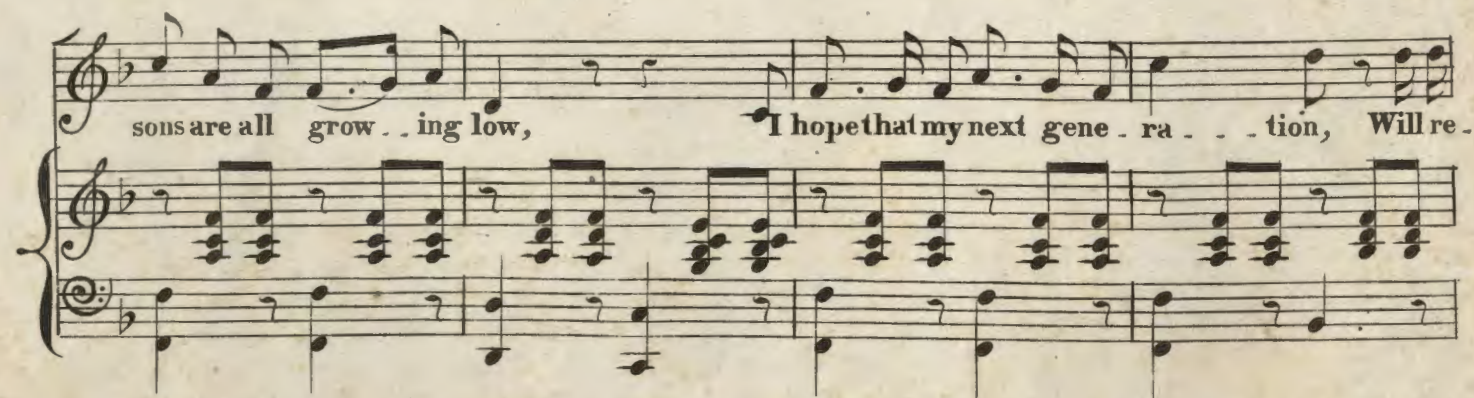
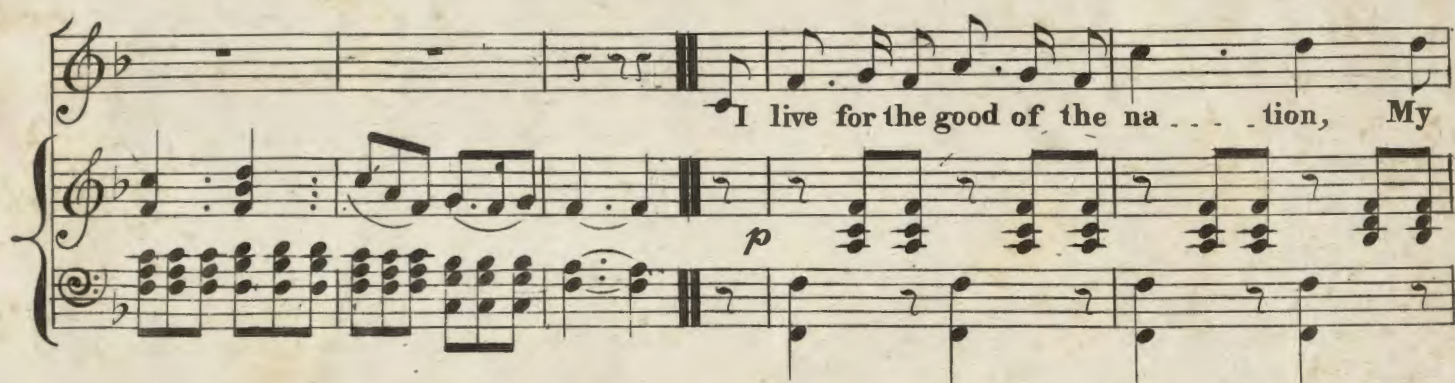
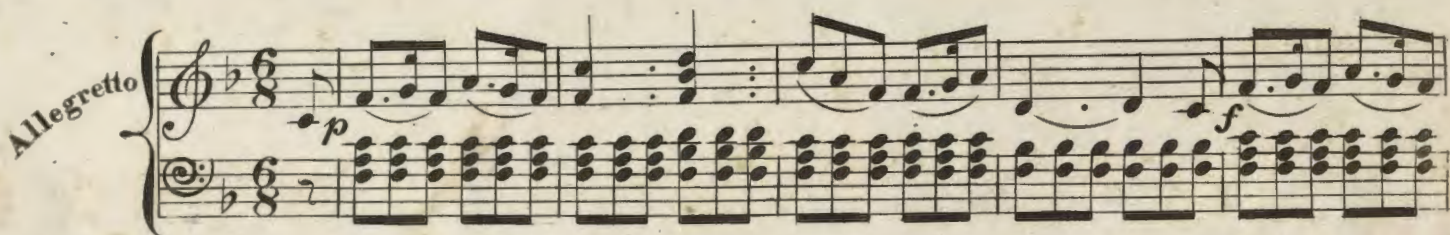
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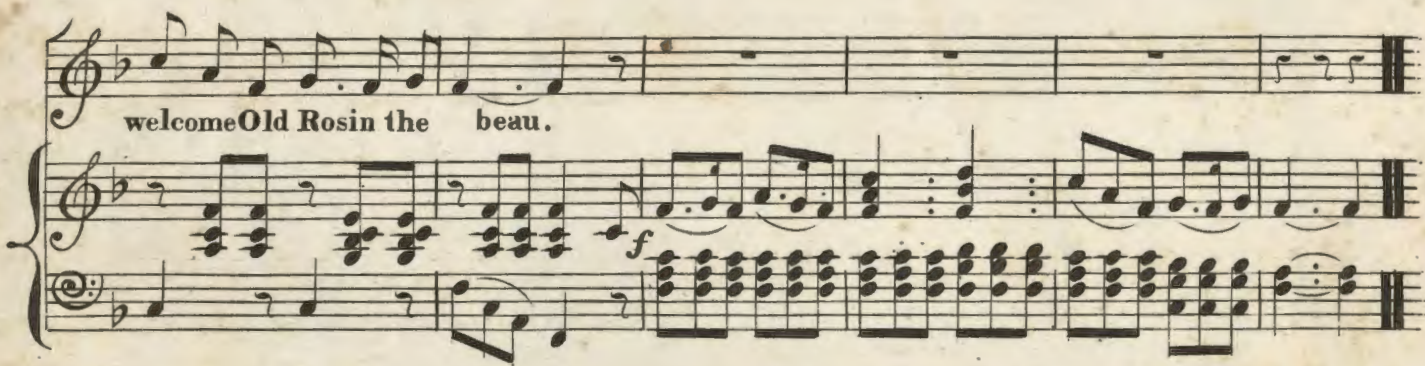
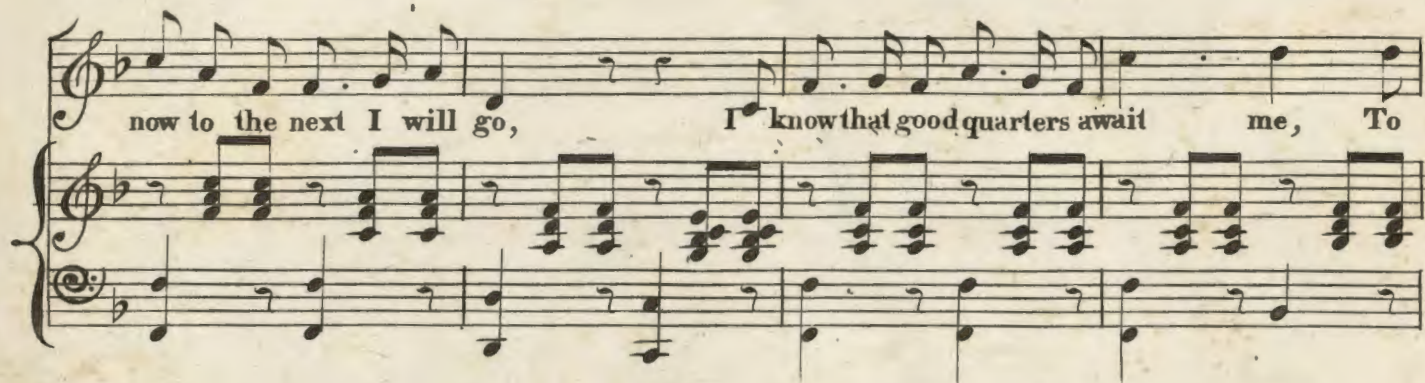
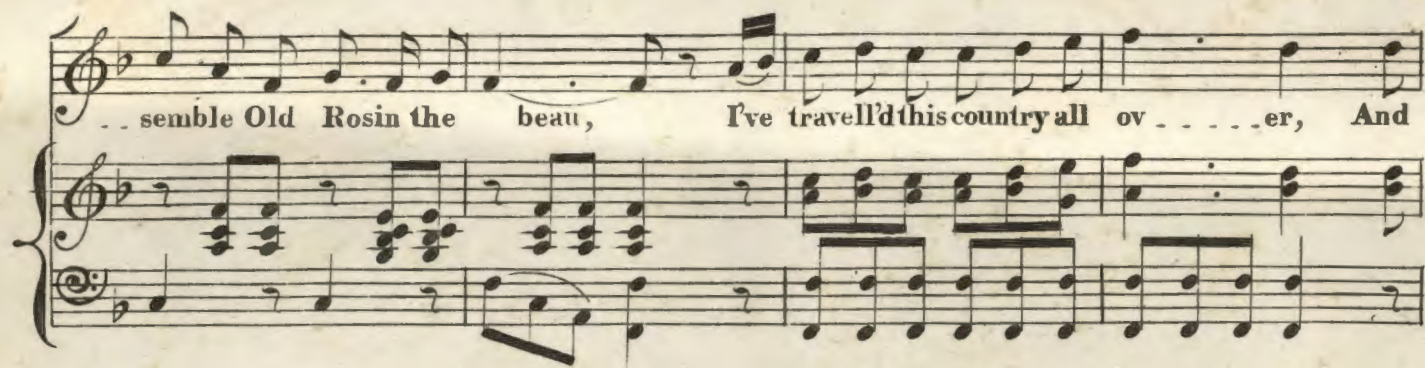


**OLD ROSIN THE BEAU,**  
— A —  
— Favorite Southern Ballad, —  
— as Sung by —  
**MR MARTYNN,**  
— Composed and Arranged —  
— for the —  
**PIANO FORTE.**

New - York: *ATWILL*, 201 Broadway.







2

In the gay round of pleasure I've travell'd,  
 Nor will I behind leave a foe,  
 And when my companions are jovial,  
 They will drink to Old Rosin the beau;  
 But my life is drawn to a closing,  
 And all will at last be so,  
 So we'll take a full bumper at parting,  
 To the name of Old Rosin the beau.

3

When I'm dead and laid on the counter,  
 The people all making a show,  
 Just sprinkle plain whiskey and water,  
 On the corps of Old Rosin the beau;  
 I'll have to be buried I reckon,  
 And the ladies will all want to know,  
 And they'll lift up the lid of my coffin,  
 Saying, here lies Old Rosin the beau.

4

Oh, when I am going to my grave,  
 The children will all want to go,  
 They'll run to the doors and windows,  
 Saying there goes Old Rosin the beau;  
 Then pick me out six trusty fellows,  
 And let them all stand in a row,  
 And dig a big hole in the circle,  
 And in it toss Old Rosin the beau.

5

Then shape me out two little donocks,  
 Place one at my head and my toe,  
 And do not forget to put on it,  
 The name of Old Rosin the beau;  
 Then let those six trusty fellows,  
 Oh let them all stand in a row,  
 And rake down that great big round bottle,  
 And drink to Old Rosin the beau.



